

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

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THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT is issued Saturday mornings, at Globe, Gila County, Arizona.
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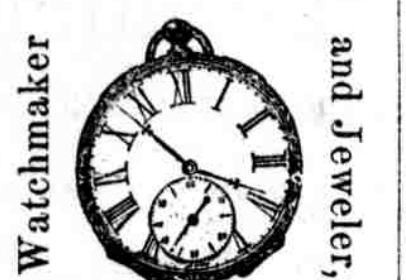
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THE EVERLASTING LAW.

BY CAROLINA FERRY.

You say it is best that all my days I should walk over rough and stony ways; That ever and over I might be cruel; With cruel hunger and endless thirst For the bread and wine that all around I see on the table and that I cannot get. On the stony ground that I stand on, I stand by with my empty cup.

You say—but your words are old, so old, Over and over I've heard them told— 'Tis good to hunger, and thirst, and cry. For the blessings that daily pass me by. 'Tis good to sit in the dust, and spread The ashes of sadness on my head.

And I am wicked because I fret, And hate the paths where my feet are set; Because no lies to my soul I tell; Because I will not say, All is well, And bitter is sweet—but rather will I say, That bitter is bitter, and ill is ill.

Dear God! Ah me! It is God, they say, Whose hand no hurts me. I tell you, I tell you, Not mine such pious hardihood; Though I am wicked, yet God is good, I recognize, with vague, dim awe, The mighty hand of a mighty law.

Back of the storm that shakes the Earth, Of glorious plenty and dreary dearth, Of soft South wind and cloudless sky, The everlasting cause lie.

Never a thistle from fig-tree's growth; Roses bloom if the seed are sown.

GAMBLING IN KENTUCKY.

How the Daring Blue Grass Gamblers Pile up Their Money.

Louisville (Ky.) Letter to Philadelphia Press.

Probably there is no State in the Union where gambling of all kinds is carried on as openly and as generally as it is in Kentucky, and in no city has the mania for gaming such a hold on the public mind as it has in Louisville. Everybody gambles here. The central part of the city is one vast faro bank. For three squares on Fifth street and four squares on Jefferson street nearly every house is filled with keno rooms and faro banks. The law is a dead letter, for the gamblers are greater than the law; they make the law. This city has now become the horse center of the State, and here are collected all the big "sports" of Kentucky. From February until October and November pools are sold in half a dozen places for sums ranging from 25 cents to \$4,000 and \$5,000.

The vast amount of money that changes hands in a single year also is appalling. I was talking the other day with "Fat Dick" Watkins, one of the proprietors of the Turf Exchange, and the figures he gave me of the firm's dealings, including orders by telegraph, French mutuels and pool selling, were for last year between \$8,000,000 and \$7,000,000. Compare this with the dealings of any of the national banks or any of the great mercantile houses of the country and see how few surpass it. The amount of betting going on at the races each day is simply amazing. On Derby Day no less than \$200,000 changed hands on the ground alone, and all this in cash. It wasn't a very good day for betting either.

The winnings that some of these gamblers make is enough to take one's breath away. In one race alone Mr. Jack Chinn, the owner of Leonatus, won \$35,000. He is the famous friend of Phil. Thompson, and was his staunchest supporter in all the troubles that arose from Thompson's unfortunate shooting affair. He is a desperate better, and one night last summer, the story runs, that in a big poker game with some Blue Grass race men, he won \$15,000. Ex-Governor McCreary was at this time talking of running for Congress against Thompson. Chinn heard of it and, slapping his hand down on the table in front of him, swore roundly that Thompson would have every cent of his winnings to beat McCreary. When McCreary heard of the threat he failed to make the race. Chinn is a typical Kentucky gambler, handsome, broad-shouldered, liberal to a fault, and knows how to use a pistol. He once faced a mob of thirty Republicans at Harrodsburg, who were threatening to kill any enemy of Colonel "Bill" Bradley, the leader of their party in the State, and especially hated by Chinn. He boldly denounced Bradley before the whole crowd. In a minute a dozen pistols were out. Chinn instantly drew his own, leveled it at the head of the leader and swore that the first man who attempted to shoot him would read their leader's death warrant. Some friends backed him up, all of them with their weapons drawn, and a bloody battle was only prevented by mutual friends settling the dispute. He carries himself jauntily, never picks a quarrel and never shuns one that is forced on him. A brave, reckless, dashing fellow is Jack Chinn, and a good specimen of the Blue Grass gambler. He owns Leonatus and several other good horses, has a fine farm in the heart of the Blue Grass, and is willing to bet \$10,000 on three aces.

Another man here named Keegin won \$40,000 on Lida Stanhope and it scarcely raised a ripple. In the same race a pool was sold for \$4,000. This is considered moderate betting. The very children in the street buy pool tickets. On one side of Third street you can see men in kid gloves wagering their thousands at the "Turf," and across the way bootblacks and newsboys bet 25 cents on the "Derby."

The Judge of our Circuit Court buys pools and no one thinks wrong of it. He is a big-hearted, honest gentleman, and if public sentiment opposed his gambling he would scorn to do it. The Chief of the Fire Department sells pool tickets across the counter, and the leading Councilman of the city is an auctioneer during the races. The Governor of the State buys freely, and backs his choice like an old gambler. The very girls buy pool tickets, and divide their pocket money with their brothers and try to plump a winner. Men make princely fortunes in a few years. Milt. Young, an obscure grocery keeper at Henderson, Ky., got hold of a good horse and after two years bought himself a magnificent stock farm near Lexington—the famous McGrathina—and is worth anywhere from \$200,000 to \$300,000, and has a stable full of flyers. His horses always lost at the right time and won at the right time. "You oughtn't to blame the horses," said a turfman to me, "they didn't have anything to do with it."

The license that is given other kinds of gambling makes Louisville the paradise for the "calculators of chances" as Bret Harte calls them. All the fines that are imposed are freely remitted by the Governor. Faro-banks are almost as responsible as national banks, and have quite as much capital backing them. Winnings and losses are made at a single sitting that would make one's head swim. Waddell, a well-known gambler in the South, won \$10,000 in two hours. Major Hughes lost \$3,000 on turn of a card. A half-drunken party went into a Fifth street bank a few nights ago and closed the bank up for the night, winning everything in the safe.

He Laughed Out.

He was from the East, and if he was not an ex-detective he had at least a right to be called a philosopher. He was buzzing around the Third street depot the other day with a suspicious looking young man, and making a great show of a fat wallet, and finally the special officer stepped up to him and said:

"My friend, who is that young man?"

"I think he's a pick-pocket," was the prompt reply.

"Where are you going?"

"To Chicago, and he has just purchased his ticket to the same point."

"If you think him a suspicious character why do you train in his company?"

"Simply to beat him."

"How?"

"He goes to Chicago because I am going. He means to pick my wallet between here and there. He had to scrape his pockets to buy the ticket. I have two wallets just alike. About half way to Chicago I shall let him get hold of the one stuffed with paper. He will leave the train at the first station after. He will have no money, no friends, and be mad enough to bust when he sees my trick. I'm just cracking my sides over the way his chin will drop when he opens the stolen wallet."

About an hour after, when the train had departed the officer was surprised to see the joker still hanging around, and this time alone.

"Then you didn't go to Chicago?"

"Say," answered the man as he came closer, "that chap wasn't after my money, after all. He simply wanted my watch, and I'll be hanged if he hasn't got it. Where's the chief of police?"—[Ex.]

The cause of what is known as the timber line on high mountains continues to be discussed in scientific periodicals, and the attempt continued to connect the line in some degree with mean annual temperatures. The writer of this paragraph has had the matter in mind when on these high elevations, and the explanation seemed very simple. On all these high peaks there is a continuous, though in some cases slow, descent of the soil from the summit to the base of the hill. He has never seen a case, where there was soil enough to grow a tree, that trees were not growing. As the wash from rain or melting snow will be nearly uniform in a given range, there will be of necessity some uniformity in the timber line. On Mount Washington and other high places, little plots of dark vegetable earth can often be found far above the present timber line, the remains of trees which existed before the earth was washed away. What is called the timber line seldom shows graduated sizes as a mere matter of temperature would call for. Generally the line is formed of very small trees, and immediately scrubby plants, from the absence of deep soil, begin. N. Y. Independent.

An Arkansas Farmer.

A cattle dealer stopped at the house of an Arkansas small farmer, and called to a man who was drawing water with an old-fashioned windlass that cried out with an alarming scream at every turn of the crank.

"Light?" shouted the drawer of water.

The man dismounted and approached the well.

"I am a cattle buyer," said the man, "and I'd like to talk business to you."

"Can't talk business till I give these steers as much water as they want."

"How long will it take you?"

"Blamed if I know. They ain't had no water for two days, and the well's 72 feet deep, and the bucket leaks. Now make the calculation."

"How long have you been drawing?"

"Sense sun-up; and they're just as rampant now as they was when I commenced. I don't low to do nothing else for several days yet, fer by the time one gits 'nough the other one is spilling for some."

"Why don't you drive them to the creek?"

"Thar ain't no creek in the neighborhood."

"Why don't you drive them to the river?"

"Cos they'd rush in an' drown themselves."

"Why don't you drive them to the pond?"

"They won't drink that sorter water."

"Don't you want to sell 'em?"

"I would if I had the old woman's consent, an' I think she's willin'."

"Where is she?"

"She's jest gittin' ready to go over to see one of the neighbors."

"You'd better consult her before she leaves."

"You don't know the woman as I do. It ain't safe to pester her when she's gittin' ready to go anywhere. We'll hev to wait till she gets thar."

"How far is it?"

"Bout nine miles."

"I see you don't care to talk business."

"No; I ain't so powerful keen."

"If you'd pay more attention to business you'd live better."

"Don't want to live no better'n I am. Suits me."

"Are you making any attempt to educate your children?"

"Yes, an' they're gittin' along fine. Jim hit a nigger with a rock yister-day; Bob sassed a Justice of the Peace, and Buck ain't afraid of the devil. That's a mighty good showing let me tell you; and the windlass squeaked and the steers walled their eyes."

"Are all your children boys?"

"They might have been if it hadn't been for one thing."

"What was that?"

"One of 'em was a gal."

"Where is she now?"

"Married to the triflin' feller I ever seed."

"Well, there's no use foolin' with you; good day."

"Good day." And he turned the crank muttering to himself; "Nosin' round here tryin' to find out who's got whisky. A man haster be mighty smart these days."

A writer in Home and Farmer dilates on the medicinal qualities of tomatoes: "Their slight acidity has a cooling effect and renders them very grateful in the heat of summer, and moreover their juice has an effect similar to that of blue mass. So effective is this juice that I know from experience and observation that an abundant use of tomatoes at all meals goes a long way toward warding off the malarial fevers that are common in some farming districts. There are many sections of the country where farmers' families suffer every summer from mild types of malarial fever, and in such cases, while the abundant use of tomatoes may not wholly prevent development of the ailment, it will always greatly alleviate it."

The proverb that Providence takes especial care of drunken men was illustrated on Market street the other day in a striking manner.

An inebriated hack-driver ran into another vehicle, near the Lotta Fountain, and fell off directly on his head, the wheels of both wagons passing over his neck. A crowd of horrified bystanders rushed to pick up the supposed corpse.

"Wasmasser you (hic) fellers?" said the victim, staggering to his feet and brushing the mud from his clothes. "Ef I had (hic) nuther drink I could f—(hic) fall offen Pal'ee Hotel!"

And yet nobody had the presence of mind to stand treat and urge him to try.—San Francisco Post.

The youth who discovered that a deacon is like a hat-band because he passes around the hat, evidently got his religion at a camp-meeting.

A Baby Drops From a Third-story Window Into a Basket.

Solomon Strauss lives in Philadelphia. Oscar Oppenheimer, his brother-in-law, with his wife and child, a little boy 2 years of age, have occupied a front and back room on the top story. On Saturday last Mrs. Oppenheimer was busy in the third-story front room, and her little baby boy by some means clambered unobserved on to the window sill. Hearing a cry of fright from the child, the mother turned around just in time to see the little fellow disappear through the window.

The poor mother rushed screaming down stairs and into the street, but instead of finding the mangled remains of her child on the pavement, the little one was sitting up in the basket of an old woman, who had providentially been passing at the moment, while the dame stood by with upraised hands wondering where on earth the little stranger had come from. Mrs. Oppenheimer caught up her child and carried him to the nearest doctor, who, after making an examination, pronounced him unharmed. During the excitement the old woman slipped quietly away. Such signal service, however, was naturally not allowed to go unrequited. Hence an advertisement was inserted in a city journal.

Her attention having been called by a neighbor to the notice, the old lady called